

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1883.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, - - - Editor and Proprietor

T. R. WALTON, - - - Business Manager

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Our New Society Reporter.

He had not been in the business very long, and in some unaccountable way had become imbued with the idea that it was necessary part of the business to indulge in exaggeration; to make free use of such expressions as *recherche, bon vivant, elegant, handsome, exquisite, magnificent, gorgeous, splendid, brilliant; and in accordance with this strange notion, which every body knows to be ridiculous, he wrote up an altogether unpretentious meeting of a few friends of which he had casually heard, entitling his article "Soiree Brillante," indulging in the lavish use of superlatives, and fixing up the whole affair in fine style and perfectly regardless of expense.*

Ordinarily these rare cases of reporterial indiscretion are kindly overlooked by the victims, but in this instance the avenger was speedily on the track of our young man, the "wealthy and distinguished citizen" coming to the office to kill him, within two days after the publication of the glowing tribute to his princely hospitality:

"Look here," said he, "what is the h—ll do you mean by printing that confounded slush about me?"

We assured him that it was no doubt our young man's desire to please and compliment him.

"Compliments be d—d," he savagely interrupted. "Where is the infernal blist? I'd like to have about five minutes' earnest conversation with him."

There was blood in our visitor's eye, and although we knew that the offender was at that moment cowering in fear and trembling in an inner of fice, listening to the conversation, we felt that here was a case wherein we would be justified in deviating from the strict line of truth so we told him in a broken voice as we wiped away a transient tear, that the young man was now lying at the point of death from brain fever, superinduced by the great mental and bodily strain upon him of running down and writing up facts about "John W. Smith, Esq., being in Columbus" and such.

The gleam of satisfaction that lit up the eye of our visitor at hearing this, assured us that the crisis was safely passed, and we ventured to ask an explanation of this unwanted display of ire.

"Well," said he, "I'll give you the bottom facts about that affair at my residence the other night, and you will not blame me for feeling savage about that rot you published, and which every paper in town worked over and reproduced. You see, I'm in a pretty tight place just now, and some of my friendly creditors, of whom there are few enough, God knows, came around to discuss the situation with me and see what could be done to save me. Some of them brought their wives along, to sort of cheer up mine, and that's the whole extent of it."

"And the delicious repast?"

"Well, we had some pretty good water that my wife borrowed of one of the neighbors. Our water was turned off a month ago."

"Then the light fantastic too wasn't tripped?"

"Not to an extent. The only one of the party that wanted to dance was a half drunken brother of mine, who had both legs shot off during the war; and as to that very pretty quotation,

"And bright the lamps."

Strong o'er fair women and brave men! I hate to admit it but, the assembled guests, who spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of their existence, had to pull through on the stub end of one candle. Now, what sort of a compromise do you suppose I can make with the balance of my creditors? Why, I've had no less than twenty-five dunning letters, quoting from your description of my high priced entertainment. Here's one of 'em from my grocer; now, listen," and he read: "Before you square up for that 'delicious repast' which you spread at your 'Soiree Brillante,' I wish you would pay me for that ham I let you have last November one year ago."

It was a pretty hard case, we couldn't help but acknowledge, and

we were wondering how in the world we could get rid of our share of responsibility for his desperate situation, when he came to the rescue with, "To show you how hard pushed I really am, I am even put to the extremity of asking you, a total stranger, for the loan of two dollars until tomorrow."

And now we know we are free and shall never see him again, for he got the money. —[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

A Doctor, Preacher, and Teacher.

On Tuesday last, a gentleman apparently about 55 years of age, and a young lady not exceeding sweet 16, registered at the Hotel, as man and wife. Their devotion indicated to the usual hotel loungers that there was something racy in this union, and it was whispered that it was a "run away scrap." The gentleman registered in bold and elegant calligraphy J. B. Duray and wife, Lexington, Ky. A room was assigned the happy couple and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

But the gentleman had miscalculated. He had not gone far enough. Dr. Palmer came in during the next evening and recognizing the gentleman saluted him with "how are you Dr. Hammock?" This of course was a "dead give away." Dr. Hammock had business up the C. S., which took him off on the accommodation train that evening, while the blushing bride (?) was left to follow, on No. 6, after being "fired" by the proprietor, Mr. Lewis. The language used by her on that occasion being more expressive than elegant would seem to indicate that she was not the refined lady her appearance implied. She "cursed" out the manager before she left.

HOW SHE LOST HIM.—There were tears in the soft blue eyes as she raised her head from his shoulder and in response to his urgent request to know what was the matter, sobbingly she said:

"Papa failed to-day; lost every cent he had in the world. But that won't make any difference in your feelings for me, George, will it?" And she threw a look of entreaty at him that might have melted a cast iron elevated railway director.

"No," returned the implacable youth calmly, "my feelings for you changed some time ago."

Then he slid out of her arms as if he had been greased and was gone forever. —[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The Gushing Girl.

Gushing girls are numerous. They are found almost at every turn. Their characteristics are so marked that they can not be mistaken. They go into ecstasies over the most trifling matters, a very common place potato is declared to be "magnificent," nicely baked waffles are "elegant," ginger-pop is "superb," and so on, until they exhaust their stock of adjectives. These girls are also remarkable for the manner in which they slobber or gush over each other; one kiss and embrace are insufficient, as is proved by the fact that they are perpetually hugging and caressing somebody. That such girls are a nuisance, every one must admit; their affection is abominable, and their silly slumbering equally unpleasant. A certain class of men like their society, because they can have greater freedom with them than with girls who respect themselves and their surroundings. The gushing girl rarely amounts to any thing, no fellow of true spirit cares to marry her, and few persons feel complimented by being numbered among her acquaintances.

A SMALL BOY'S PRAYER.—The Middleton Mercury tells the following: A lady residing in this village, the mother of a bright little boy, was talking to him the other night, just as she was putting him to bed, about the efficacy of prayer, and told him that if he would ask God for any thing that he particularly desired she had no doubt his request would be granted. The little fellow knelt at his mother's knee and prayed God to send him fifty little sisters and 100 little brothers. The prayer was never finished, for the mother, aghast at the prospect of having her house turned into an orphan asylum, lifted the boy to his feet and tucked him into bed without a moment's unnecessary delay.

Bankrupts have a hard time in China, a broker of the silk firm of the Red Peacock chop of Shanghai, which has suspended payment, was set upon by a crowd of bankers, creditors of the firm, who carried him off to a house, where they hung him up by the queue so that his feet were off the ground, and otherwise maltreated him.

Ah, well I am an "independent party" no longer. —[David Davis.]

Plain English the Better.

Your servant says: "A man told me so;" the most learned and elegant of your acquaintance would be likely to say on the same occasion: "A certain person informed me." Hero the person is not a certain but an uncertain one, and the thing told may have not a thing in it of information. Year by year our language loses something of its propriety and force. It is doubtful whether, in the no longer unlettered but still ignorant ranks of the English people, a sound and honest vulgarity exists as it did when Landor wrote. A footman nowadays would be more likely to say he had been "informed" than that he had been "told."

The plain yeoman who, at that period, might have said it had cost him a deal of money to build a house, would now tell us that he had expended a considerable sum in erecting a residence. We no longer eat and drink, we "partake of refreshments," and we contrive by some miracle to "partake" even when we dine alone. Affected rusticity of speech is as much to be shunned as affected anything else. The truly vulgar were never guilty of it. Those whose vulgarity has been named "Philistine" and the term is terribly significant—are guilty of all affectations that a plain man's mind can conceive and detect. But if we need not be rustic, we need not be roundabout. The simplest words are always the smooth, trim bog that will be wanted from this forward. The active season for the manufacture of lard closes with the cold weather and the rush for lard or heavy hogs is over with the winter packing season. Breakfast bacon and small hams are the great articles of manufacture by packers during the spring and summer months and it is such "porkers" that can be worked best into this product that is most sought after, and realize the best price during this season. And the country shipper that seeks to supply this demand to the best advantage must meet with great success."

Judge Barr has made the following order in the United States Court at Covington: "All pleadings, etc., shall be written in a plain, legible hand, without interlineations or erasures, materially defacing the same and be written on good legal-cap paper, and on one side only." The Judge is demanding an impossibility. Take away their miserable writing some lawyers would have no reputation for anything.

The veritable wagon in which John Brown carried runaway negroes from Missouri, and in which the ammunition used at Harper's Ferry by Brown's men was carried, has been sold to Herbert S. Farial, editor of the Iowa City Republican, of West Liberty, Ia., who will put the old vehicle into use as an office delivery wagon.

"I think," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat and he sits all day by the fire and thinks and thinks." "You had better grease him all over," said aunt Jerrusha: "He's going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmy."

A book agent tried to sell a Cincinnati Irishman a copy of "Hiawatha." Pat looked at the title and then at the canary. "Higher water, is it?" says he: "Be jubers the water in these diggin's is quite high enough, me by, for any decent man. So be off wid ye!"

THREE SEASONS IN FLORIDA.—A southern journal says there are three seasons in Florida—the orange, the vegetable and invalid; the last paying the best. In the summer the Floridians live on "yams and sugar-cane, and in the winter on Yankees."

ENEMIES OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM ARE PREMONITING THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMUNISM A FAIRMEIRE IT IS FAIRLY ORGANIZED. THE MOTIVES OF ALL OPPONENTS OF THE MEASURE, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO GRANT IT A FAIR OPEN TRIAL, CAN BE FAIRLY STATED AS A DEGRADED SYNPATY WITH THE PERNICIOUS SPOILS SYSTEM. —[Penny Post.]

WHEN MILK IS ONCE CONTAMINATED—

IT IS A WONDERFULLY ACTIVE ABSORBENT OF GASES—NOTHING CAN BE DONE TO

MAKE IT PERFECTLY PURE AGAIN. MORE

BUTTER IS SPOILED "AT THE PAUL" THAN

DURING ANY OTHER PROCESS THROUGH

WHICH THE MILK AND BUTTER PASSES.

A FOOL-HARDY SAILOR, WHO PUT TO SEA

FROM SAN FRANCISCO AUGUST 19, IN AN

EIGHTEEN-FOOT DORY, FOR AUSTRALIA,

WAS PICKED UP BY A CRATE OF QUEENSLAND

IN AN EXHAUSTED CONDITION. HE HAD

LOST HIS INSTRUMENTS AND HIS PROVISIONS

BY THE CAPSIZING OF HIS BOAT.

A LONDON YOUNG LADY WHO WENT

INTO A STORE TO BUY A PAIR OF GLOVES FOR

HER YOUNG MAN, COULDN'T REMEMBER

WHAT THE SIZE OF HIS HAND WAS.

She knew, however, that he wore a 14

COTTON, IF THE CLERK COULD TELL ANYTHING BY THAT.

THOUSANDS BEAR WITNESS TO THE POSITIVE

CURATIVE POWERS OF THE GREAT GERMAN

INVIGORATOR. SEE ADVERTISEMENT. SOLD BY

PENNY & MCALISTER, STANFORD.

What Our Friends Say About Brother Barnes' Letters.

—Rev. Geo. O. Barnes continues to correspond for the Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL, his home paper. His letters are doubly interesting since he reached a foreign shore. We will give liberal extracts, but those wanting full letters we refer to the JOURNAL.—[P'rses Kentuckian.]

—The over-sea letters of Rev. Geo. O. Barnes are all to be found in the INTERIOR JOURNAL, Stanford, Ky. He has been corresponding with that paper ever since the beginning of his labors as an evangelist, and just now, while he is trying his power with a new people, all that he writes will be read with interest. Several letters have already appeared in the INTERIOR JOURNAL postmarked on the other side, and we have had great trouble with the exchange field on that account.

Persons who desire to keep thoroughly posted upon the movements of Bro. Barnes and the incidents of his career in England, will do well to subscribe for the INTERIOR JOURNAL.—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

—HOOS AND BACON.—An exchange says: "As cold weather passes away, and spring approaches, less attention is being given by buyers to the weight of hogs and more to quality. It is the smooth, trim hog that will be wanted from this forward. The active season for the manufacture of lard closes with the cold weather and the rush for lard or heavy hogs is over with the winter packing season. Breakfast bacon and small hams are the great articles of manufacture by packers during the spring and summer months and it is such 'porkers' that can be worked best into this product that is most sought after, and realize the best price during this season. And the country shipper that seeks to supply this demand to the best advantage must meet with great success."

JUDGE BARR.—An exchange says: "All cold weather passes away, and spring approaches, less attention is being given by buyers to the weight of hogs and more to quality. It is the smooth, trim hog that will be wanted from this forward. The active season for the manufacture of lard closes with the cold weather and the rush for lard or heavy hogs is over with the winter packing season. Breakfast bacon and small hams are the great articles of manufacture by packers during the spring and summer months and it is such 'porkers' that can be worked best into this product that is most sought after, and realize the best price during this season. And the country shipper that seeks to supply this demand to the best advantage must meet with great success."

—LEO F. HUFFMAN, STANFORD, KY.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, -- April 3, 1883

W. P. WALTON, - - - - - EDITOR

The Jacob Boom (P)

A Frankfort dispatch to the Louisville *Commercial* of last Friday, speaking of the Gubernatorial canvas says: "The candidacy of Mayor Jacob will injure Owseley more than either Knott or Jones, because neither of the latter two would get much strength in Louisville if Mayor Jacob does not run. With Mayor Jacob as a candidate, backed up by the solid vote of Louisville and Jefferson county, Owseley will be the first man dropped in the balloting to a certainty. Owseley's friends are beginning to see this, and are looking very gloomy since last Saturday. Judge Owseley is in the best of spirits himself and feels confident of victory." This dispatch, appearing as it does in a paper which has not disguised its preference for Knott hitherto, but which has now suddenly become a Jacob organ, is significant. It confirms the impression already made on the people of the State outside of Louisville, that the movement in Louisville prettily in support of Mayor Jacob's candidacy, is not so much a great spontaneous uprising of the people of that city in his favor as it is a movement on the part of certain astute politicians to use Jacob as a tool, cripple Owseley, and at the proper time, hatchet Jacob, and help their favorite in the race for Governor. The writer of the dispatch alluded to, concedes that, with Jacob out of the race, the city of Louisville would cast all, or a greater portion of her vote for Owseley. All sensible men—even Mayor Jacob's staunchest followers, must know that Jacob has not the ghost of a chance to win the nomination. Not that he is unfitted for the position. He has beyond doubt made a good Mayor, and would paradesqure make a good governor. But his candidacy comes too late. The race is already made up, and it is almost absolutely certain that Owseley, Knott or Jones will be the democratic nominee for Governor. Major Jacob is a gentleman and deservedly popular in Louisville, but he is comparatively unknown to the people of the State, and it is too late now for him to make effectively their acquaintance. A fair construction of the language of the *Commercial's* correspondent is that the Jacob movement means nothing except a cunning plan on the part of certain politicians to defeat Owseley.

The friends of Judge Owseley in the State should see to it that he loses nothing by this scheming on the part of those who would, if they could, defeat him. He has made a manly canvas. It is an open secret that he would, but for Jacob's candidacy, carry a majority of the delegations from Louisville and Jefferson county. It remains to be seen whether the attempt to defraud him of the vote will be successful. We venture the prediction that in furtherance of this scheme to injure Judge Owseley, an attempt will be made to have the city of Louisville select and instruct delegates in one so-called mass-meeting, composed of trading politicians, and, necessarily in so large a city, to the exclusion of the people, instead of by Legislative districts as is the manner of selecting delegates from the counties. The delegates selected at this mass-meeting will be instructed to vote for Jacob will desert him at the proper moment and cast the city's vote for their favorite. Whether the people of Louisville will submit to this plan of procedure, or whether the Convention of May 16th, will admit a delegation so selected remains to be seen. Major Jacob has not yet announced himself a candidate. If he be as wise and self-respecting as he is thought to be, he will think twice before permitting this humiliating use of his name and personal popularity in Louisville. However this may be, we mistake the temper of Kentuckians if this transparently insincere and treacherous movement is not seen through and resented by them in such a manner as will be eminently satisfactory to its intended victim—Judge Owseley.

We regret to note the retirement of our friend Mr. B. J. Newlon, from the *Blue-Grass Clipper*. He is a good writer and a clever gentleman, and the press can ill spare him from its ranks. There are some pleasant passages in the life of an editor, but they are few and far between, and we sometimes wish that we could sell out and quit. It is an eternal tread-mill with no time for rest or fun. Mr. F. D. Spottwood, who is highly spoken of, succeeds Bro. Newlon in the proprietorship of the paper.

Cope Snapp was released from jail at Louisville, Friday, having given bond in the sum of \$8,000. The indictments against him were set for hearing in May.

### JUDGE THOMAS P. HILL, JR.

No man of his age better deserves the honor which was so liberally bestowed on him Saturday, than the subject of this sketch. In every instance a gentleman, polished in manners, reverential to age, kind and considerate in his associations with those of his own years, retiring in disposition and a favorite with old and young, rich and poor, male and female, he is just the man to overwhelmingly defeat Bohm, the republican, such flesh and the devil in the August election, and hear the democratic banner to such a victory as old Lincoln has not known for years. Bright, brainy and popular it is no wonder that he has been so highly honored by his party even before he has attained the age, necessary to make him eligible to a seat in the Legislature. He will, however, have reached that age, 24, several months before the meeting of that body. After obtaining a fair education under the late Prof. Myers, he entered Central University at Richmond, and in 1879, graduated with much distinction. Returning to his home, he resolved to adopt the profession of his father, the distinguished and eloquent lawyer, Col. T. P. Hill, and commenced the study of law in the office of Hill & Aclorn at once. On the 23d of April, 1880, he was admitted to the practice, and set out to attain the distinction won by his father as one of the very best lawyers in the State. In August, 1881, he was unanimously elected City Judge of Stanford, which office he fills at present with honor to himself and credit to his fellow-citizens. His course has been onward and upward, and we expect to hear the best of reports of him this winter at Frankfort. He will make no attempt at display or try to bring himself into notice by frequently "bobbing up" when there is no occasion for it, but he will endeavor to do his full duty to his constituents and labor for the advancement of every material interest of the State. Such a man will Lincoln send to the next Legislature and if other counties do even half so well, the next General Assembly will, not like the last body take five months to do absolutely nothing, but will dispose of all necessary legislation in the Constitutional limit of 60 days.

The Educational Conference at Frankfort, occurs next Thursday, the 5th, and every teacher should make it a point to get there. We suppose the leaders of the move have a plan of operation marked out, which can only be carried out by a concert of action. The railroads have put down the fare and the hotels will board all who attend at \$1.50 per day.

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

#### •PRAISE THE LORD.

102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,  
DALSTON, LONDON, E. C. Mar. 12, '83.

Dear Interlocutor:  
Everything is so strange to us here, and so unlike what we are accustomed to in America, that I hardly know what to begin with in describing the contrast "as best I can."

We are, this Monday night, at the close of our 7th day in lodgings; as far as goes, we feel as much at home as if born and reared in London. We thank the good Lord for guiding us to such a pleasant spot as this. Our landlady's husband, is, we find, a Wesleyan local preacher, and speaks in both Welsh and English. He came back from America last Friday and the heart of the good woman is at rest, now that he has safely passed over the stormy sea. Poor soul! She was not a little anxious last Tuesday night, when the wind was blowing a fierce gale, knowing him to be near the British coast and exposed to its fury. The Lord sent us just at the right time to give her such steady occupation that she had not time to brood. And I repeat what I wrote before, that if we had picked London over we could not have found a pleasanter suburb, nor a kinder landlady than Mrs. Griffith. She and Marie are in constant conference—she giving the advantage of her experience in teaching us how to live cheaply and well. There is a way to do that in London, but one must know just how it is done. We are already learning rapidly. I don't think this will be headquarters for some time to come. Until we get to work, we have Marie's organ installed in the little parlor, where also we have the use of an excellent upright piano of Bro. Griffith's. The "Baby Organ" of the boys is in the dining-room and "so we have music wherever we go." We do have a great deal of it and enjoy it all intensely. Neither instrument was at all injured by the voyage. The dear Lord kept them unharmed by salt air or dislocating railway travel. In fact we have had occasion to notice with loving gratitude, again and again, that there has not been a jar nor a difficulty in all the numberless details of travel. "The good hand of our God has been upon us," and nothing suffered to molest us in the least.

We have made Bro. Griffith's acquaintance and like him very much. He is a gentleman and I judge from his conversation a fair scholar also. His wife looks ten years younger since her return after eight months' absence; and the seven rosy-cheeked children, and a dear lot of boys, every one. This rosy complexion is one of the characteristics of English social life. The dirty urchins in the street have roses beneath the grime and soot that bloom through it all. Indeed, to one accustomed to the comparative sallowness of American complexion, the first impression is rather a painful one, as if the people

were afflicted with a kind of erysipelas; but this soon wears off and one can not but admire this result of careful physical training as well as a bracing climate. Diet is carefully looked after, for the most part, and the minimum of fire used, while fresh air is the rule. Yesterday at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, while we were shivering in our heavy wraps, the folks "to the manor born" didn't seem to mind the cold a bit. One bold-headed gent had his handkerchief folded on top of his shining pate; and several had little skull-caps on, which they slipped off after taking off their piping hats, then settled comfortably down with everybody's breath like the exhalations of a tea kettle; while some hot-blooded gentlemen actually took off their overcoats as if oppressed with heat. Meanwhile our American canoes were like blocks of ice and we were almost on the point of heating a retreat, lest we should get rheumatism. Such a service in a room with such a congregation would insure in America a dozen cases of pneumonia.

This bloom of health is so attractive that it is a thousand pities the national habit of beer and spirit drinking should intensely it into the repulsive scrofula so often seen in male and female. Those blushing ale, gin, brandy complexions meet one everywhere. London may be described as the city of ill-fitting clothes and undersized draft animals. The best dressed men I have yet seen was a darky, strutting down Bishopsgate street, cigar in mouth, but a very graceful figure and perfectly fitting clothes. By the way, he is the first and only colored man I have seen in London; they are a very scarce article. I have not been in Rotten Row, nor seen much of the aristocracy, where of course the toilet is more tasteful and exact; but in the average people one meets on the street, it is a perfect marvel how they manage to be so universally ill-fitted in clothing. The fault does not lie in the quality of the material. That is quite as good as with us; but only in the tailoring and mantua-making. And the second characteristic of this dear old London, how can I do justice to the ponies and donkeys? They must be seen to be appreciated. As a rule London goes on two wheels, leaving out the omnibuses and four-wheel cabs or hackney-coaches, the rest run on two wheels, from the harness to the donkey cart of the coster-monger. The pony chaise and the dog cart are the common vehicles. The streets are full of them drawn by under-sized ponies, clipped as to mane and tail and the punniest little donkeys, picking up their nimble feet like winking and getting over the ground at a prodigious rate. It is very laughable to see. We are constantly exploding with mirth, as some new eccentricity of pony or donkey flesh comes into view. The vehicles too, are of the oddest patterns imaginable, primitive and awkward, though I dare say admirably adapted to their uses. After all, it is a mere question of habit and fashion, but when one sees a fleshly lady and gent driving a diminutive specimen of pony in a funny looking "shay," one may at least excuse for stopping and staring a little at it. As for staring, it is give and take. They stare at me wherever I go, as if I were from some very foreign port, and it would have amused home friends to see the notice George's Amazonian height attracted in Kingland Road, as she took an airing last Saturday afternoon. "From America?" the shop-keeper asks in a way that tells you he knows perfectly well you are. They spot us everywhere in a moment. "Our speech betrays us," our clothes tell the story; our narrow faces never developed on English soil.

We have seen none of the sights of London and strange to say, don't wish to, until we get to work. We were talking about it this morning and how little we could enjoy these things until we get regularly to work again. So, except the few little things noted in going along the street, do not expect a description of any of the wonders of the great metropolis until you hear us holding daily services somewhere. We did not come to London an enlightened sight-seer, nor yet to recuperate exhausted health and energies, but to preach a gospel that will get us into trouble at first and win us in spite of all opposition, until it shakes these islands of Israel from "center to circumference." Until that glorious work is begun, we have little heart for leading interests.

I was in Pater Noster Row this morning looking up a large print Bible suited to my flattened corselet, until the dear Lord is able to round it up for me. I am still "following on" for that blessing that "Uncle Benney" says I shall never have and which I say shall. There is a "rule of faith" that I have not yet measured, but when I reach the point I shall have undimmed vision in a moment. I have never doubted this a moment. Meanwhile the good Lord himself can do not anything until that height of faith is sealed. When like Josh, after the Jebusites, I climb the slippery caves of satan's strong-hold, I shall smite the bat, the lame, the blind, hated of David's soul—our David, (the "Beloved") who heartily abhors all forms of human imperfection and suffering.

What an odd little place is this row, where publishers most consort! You would smile to go into No. 15 where the famous Heyesters have their establishment. First you would laugh at the little tortuous lane not an inch over 20 feet wide, if that, where lofty buildings on each side shut out the light of day and make gas a necessity at high noon, yet in this curious place the bulk of English religious publishing goes on.

Human nature is human nature. I was comfortably seated in a bus which the law allows to carry 12 inside and 14 out; 5 on a seat in comfort, 6 the reverse. We had 5, when in comes an old lady of the stony persuasion, and inserts herself next me to my intense discomfort. I compressed myself most carefully, sitting upright with hands in front in an attitude of petition, and ribs encroaching upon lungs in uncomfortable pressure. After a while I caught sight of the good lady, as she turned to me with an indulgent look; with lips drawn like the mouth of my mother's reticule, and an expression as if one would say, "what right have you to be here making people uncomfortable?" It was all so ludicrous that I nearly laughed in her face as I thought of

the fable of the miller and the camel and forthwith resolved to put her into print for it. Dear old soul! She left the bus at last and that injured look upon her face and I dare say told her folks at home there was a tall-faced wretch that sat next her in the bus and spoiled her ride by crowding her.

Our patient friend is improving slowly. The dear Lord couldn't cure him immediately, because he tried to mix up human wisdom and human remedies with the dear Lord's perfect way. That always retards it if it does not defeat the desired end. The Lord does not need our help to do anything, except the help our faith gives him in fighting sin. All beyond this is grievous hindrance. But most of us find this out very slowly and some never at all.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

Below is a continuation of the

LETTERS WRITTEN AT SEA.

FEB 25th, SUNDAY.—The situation substantially unchanged. The sea is a shade quieter, perhaps, but very little. Our ladies ate a hearty breakfast in their berths, Willie on our side did the same. The rest of us sat at table and ate a fair, square meal once more. All on the mend. At 10 o'clock, shipmen and passengers were assembled for worship and it was a delightful and impressive service as one could desire. Our Captain McKey, read the Prayer Book service and led the hymn in a good, round, musical voice. There was a fair turn out of passengers and although complexions were waxen and pale, indeed weary and hollow, telling of sea and suffering, they all stuck faithfully to the room. The party was just six enough to be thoughtful and devout, and the prayers found appropriate responses in heart and voice. Especially fervent seemed the prayers for those at sea. The names of "Our Sovereign Queen Victoria" and "The President of the United States" were linked together also—Ephraim and Manaehum united—as they ought to be and will in the years to come. I understand now why the Cunard boats do not go down. The line was founded in prayer by the pious wife of the older Cunard, and arrangements for those services were made in the beginning. So the LOBD has honored those who honor him, according to promise. Those were the only services held during the day. After dinner those who liked gathered in the music-room and Marie sang gospel songs for an hour. I hear her warbling will win its way and make entrance in willing hearts for preaching before the voyage is over. The sea ran high all day, and the cold, piercing wind gave no one comfort on deck. Many of "60 miseries" kept their banks all day. Dinner slimly patronized and those who came by were by no means a convivial looking set. Our party pretty well on its feet again—Willie being the one most given to frequent reclining.

So passed our first Sunday—a dismal day, but for a present, Jesus shedding sunshine within, despite the gloom without.

FEB. 26th, MONDAY.—Took a walk yesterday the wind shifted and blew strongly from the N.E.; sails were all taken in and the fight between wind and steam began. Thus far the wave-stirring gale had been in our favor; 315 was reported as the run to 12 m. yesterday—the gale "Paroxysm's" level best. As soon as the wind hauled ahead, the motion of the vessel changed from a long roll to a heavy pitch—the latter being, by long odds, the worst for tender stomachs. This morning the sun put in a glorious appearance, the sea is much less boisterous and all hands begin to look brighter. I swallowed my mutton chop at breakfast with something of an appetite. Wife, who was the sickliest of the troupe, is now the best off and comforts others. She has just come down from the upper deck rosy and cheerful—approaching Will who is prostrate on the settee: She— "O, Willie, come up on deck; the sea is so beautiful." He—(in a weary auto voice growl) "O don't talk about the sea. I have no use for it." Marie—(log) "O, mums, how did you stand it four months going to India? I feel well, but I can't bear to look at the ocean, even!" George—(with a grim and affected wince) "Baby don't like to travel by water; baby wants to stop the ship and get off somewhere." Papa—(with affected cheerfulness) "Be of good courage, dear ones; we will have a good deal more water to cross in going round the world." At which they all glare indignantly at me for suggesting such an unpleasant feature of our circumnavigation. *Pater familiaris* smiles grimly and the subject is changed. But we sit kept praising the Lord, just the same "how high or how low." For He is good, if the sea is bad and never, never can we cease to love Him. We lay all the sickness on the devil and hate him worse with every qualm. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

LANCASSTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

SAM. M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LANCASSTER, KY.

Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals.

H. G. KAUFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

LANCASSTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

Washington, D. C., April 1, 1883.

Wasas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the as assigned, it has been made to appear that the Citizens National Bank of Lancaster, in the County of Garrard, and State of Kentucky, has been incorporated with the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be compiled with before an association can be authorized to commence the business of banking.

Now, therefore, I, John J. Keay, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Citizens National Bank of Lancaster, in the County of Garrard, and State of Kentucky, is authorized to commence the business of banking as aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 23d day of February, A. D. 1883.

JAMES A. NOX,

Comptroller of the Currency.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - April 3, 1883

## LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny &amp; McAlister.

Fishing Tackle at McRoberts &amp; Sugg's, (GREAT WESTERN edition at 8 cents at D. Kline).

LANDRETH's Garden Seed at McRoberts &amp; Sugg's.

Good JEANS men's coats at 75 cents at D. Kline.

FIFTY PIECES of good silks at 4 cents at D. Kline.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny &amp; McAlister's.

LANDRETH's Garden Seeds, in bulk and in papers, at Penny &amp; McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny &amp; McAlister.

Full stock of Fishing Tackle of all kinds can now be found at Penny &amp; McAlister's.

VACATION POINTS.—Double dip, 25 cents; single dip, 10 cents each. Sent by mail on receipt of price. McRoberts &amp; Sugg.

## PERSONAL.

JOSEPH CHENAULT, Esq., is visiting his brother, Mr. A. O. Chenault.

—Mrs. MARY M. WRAY, of Pine Knot, Tenn., called to see us yesterday.

DR. AND MRS. BRONAUGH were called to Crab Orchard Friday by the illness of their grandchildren.

—F. H. MYERS, of the Wrought-Iron Range Co., St. Louis, is visiting the family of Mr. Allen Beale.

—The two telephone magnates, W. R. Williams, of Hustonville, and F. M. Ware, of McKinney, honored this office yesterday with a call.

—Mr. JAMES M. COOK, Jr., and Miss Helen Reid, Mr. Harry Hocker and Miss Ida Tidwell, Misses Rees and Brown and Mrs. Jas. and Jno. Allen of Hustonville, saw the "Pearl of Savoy" last night.

—SENATOR JNO. S. WILLIAMS, familiarly known as "Cerro Gordo," was in town yesterday, shaking hands with his hundreds of friends in this county. The Senator is decidedly popular among the masses and his efforts in Congress to raise the onerous taxes from their shoulders has not lessened his strong hold on their feelings.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

FLORIDA ORANGES at H. C. Bright's.

FRESH car of salt, lime and cement at Owley &amp; Son's.

PURE home grown seed potatoes 60cts per bushel at H. C. Bright's.

Go to Bruce, Warren &amp; Co.'s for clothing. Their stock is stupendous.

SAM'L DICKINSON'S Russell county Hawaiian sweet potatoes for seed at A. Owley &amp; Son's.

AN ELEGANT line of China Tea Sets and Glass WATER Sets just received at Bruce, Warren &amp; Co's.

I HAVE opened a shoe shop at my stable, where repairing of all kinds will be done. A. T. Nunnelley.

THE largest and most select line of French Candies ever brought to Stanford, by H. C. Bright's.

ATTEND Abner O. Chenault's sale next Friday. He has some fine household effects besides a good lot of stock.

BY THE present mail arrangements we get no letters for our paper till after 1:30 on the evening they are printed.

CALL and examine my stock of Furniture, &amp;c.; it is now full and complete, and prices are lower than ever. B. K. Weare.

DR. T. B. MONTGOMERY is the proud father of another baby—a girl—which appeared on Saturday. Wife and infant doing well.

D. KLINE has just arrived with a large stock of clothing, dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, &amp;c., which he will offer cheaper than any house in town.

CHICKEN THIEVES have gotten about 50 from Mr. W. M. Ball in the last few nights, but the next man who attempts to get one of the birds will meet with a reception warmer than is pleasant.

THE following names were inadvertently omitted from the call on Judge Hanford to become a candidate for State Senator: M. C. Saufley, Jno. M. Martin, Jno. M. Phillips, Jr., T. C. Douglass, J. C. Hays, J. M. Reid, J. O. McAlister, Welch Skidmore, J. W. Logan and Richard Cobb.

As I expect to be in the wool-trade this season, parties wishing to sell will make it to their interest to see me. I want 100,000 pounds. Will have an agent in Lancaster again this season. Will always be found at my Livery and Saloon, Main Street, Stanford, Ky. A. T. Nunnelley.

THE County Court was wrestling with the R. &amp; R. tax case yesterday which we thought settled long ago by the Court of Appeals, but it seems that the procedure was irregular. J. B. Gilkerson was appointed Administrator of the estate of Oldfield P. Moore. D. R. Carpenter was apportioned to cast the county's vote in all the turnpike elections.

SPEAKING of old people, a friend informed us the other day that there lived near the Lincoln and Pulaski county line, within a radius of less than three miles, the following eight old inhabitants, whose combined age totals up 886, an average of 85½: Mr. John McMullen, 92; James Lister, 87; James Acton, 83; Moses Pitman, 91; Mrs. Phoebe Gooch, 81; Mrs. Collier, 82; Mrs. Elizabeth East, 85 and Mrs. Reynolds, 82. All these people are more or less stout and bid fair to become centenarians.

Last issue we published how John Bright, a law student, had, in a moment of forgetfulness, burst forth in song in the presence of the Honorable Judge of the Circuit Court, who immediately fined him \$25, not so much for contempt as because the recitation was so wretchedly executed. Now all this occurred, but in a joking manner, and even the wayfaring man, though a born fool so understood, but for the sake of those who did not, we hereby label the uth'er item, what it was really intended to be, "a joke."

WANTRU.—Country Bacon, especially shoulders, H. C. Bright.

All kinds of seed Irish potatoes and onion sets at Owley &amp; Son's.

If you want the best super two-ply wool carpets go to J. W. Hayden's.

Full stock Boys and Children's ready made clothing at Bruce, Warren &amp; Co's.

Don't fail to see the handsome designs in Tea, Dinner and Chamber Sets at H. C. Bright's.

FOR SALE.—Two handsome residences will sell very cheap. Stanford, Dec. 25, W. Craig.

J. W. HAYDEN has received a nice lot of Spring Clothing. Hadn't you better go and get a bargain of him?

SEVERAL colored persons have died in town recently, the last to go being Uncle Daniel Weaver, a well-known old man.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny &amp; McAlister.

Full stock of Fishing Tackle of all kinds can now be found at Penny &amp; McAlister's.

VACATION POINTS.—Double dip, 25 cents; single dip, 10 cents each. Sent by mail on receipt of price. McRoberts &amp; Sugg.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - April 3, 1883

## CANNON AIDING.

Where's a youthful lover  
His country has big gun,  
Butter prints him to learn  
That it's not always fun.  
For instance, when he's planned his stage,  
And thinks the miles do,  
The girl's distrustful parent  
Shows him a fitting stage.  
And as with much mounting,  
He down the steep path glide,  
And on the picket trace doth laid,  
He feels much more laid.  
  
The maiden in the meadows  
Escapes into the yard,  
And shrieks, with much emotion,  
"My girl has struck retard."  
  
The young man thinks it over,  
And, though he'll not declare it,  
Cynically, since he can't bulk,  
That he will have to bear it.

## HOW A WIDOW MOURED.

*She Grieved Ten Thousand Dollars' Worth  
The Start, but Wreaked on the Girl  
Older.*

She was a handsome and wistfully young widow, and had just lost her husband. Full of grief over the loss of her beloved one, she sought a dealer in monuments, a friend of the dear departed.

Seeing the sympathetic face of her husband's friend, the tears burst afresh from her eyes as she greeted him. "You have heard it then; George is gone."

Yes, he had heard it.

"And now," said she, "I want to get a monument, the finest and most imposing monument that you can make. I don't care for the expense. You have them costing as much as \$10,000, do you not?" she ventured.

"Oh, yes, he could build a splendid monument for that. It would proward a design and submit it to her.

"You will have it ready soon, will you not?" she pleaded. "This evening?"

"No, not this evening," he replied, but he would hurry it up as fast as possible and bring it to her residence. And it was settled, and she went away very grateful for the ready sympathy and anxiously expectant for the design.

And then the monument man got out an old design and had it transferred to a clean piece of paper, and in fifteen minutes was ready for the widow, but of course it wouldn't do to show up for a week or so. The long days dragged out their weary length finally, and the marble man, assuming an appropriately funeral countenance, sought out the widow and submitted his work. He found her somewhat more reconciled to her loss and a little inclined to be critical, but on the whole she was pleased with the design.

"But," she said, "I have been talking over the matter with my sister, and she thinks \$5,000 ought to buy a very nice monument. Couldn't you make one like that for \$5,000?"

"No," responded he, "but I can build quite a handsome monument for \$5,000. Shall I make a design of one for that figure?"

"Yes, I wish you would, please, and I will come to your office and examine it in a week or two."

"I can make some alterations in these plans and have it ready very soon," he urged. "Indeed, I could bring it around to-morrow just as well as not."

"Oh, no; I won't trouble you to do so. There is no particular hurry about it, and I will call upon you; it's my turn, you know," and she smiled graciously upon him as she bowed him out.

Well, what was a poor monument man to do? He could only wait, and he did wait, busying himself meanwhile in getting up elaborate and really beautiful designs. One day he met the lady on the street, dressed in the merest apology for half-mourning. He bowed obsequiously and informed her that the design was finished, and he thought would not fail to be perfectly satisfactory.

"Oh," she said, "I have been so busy, don't you know, with one thing and another, that I had forgotten all about it. Let me see, how much was that to cost?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Oh, dear, I really can't afford to pay that much. Now, couldn't you?"—this very bewitchingly—"make a real nice monument for about \$500? I know you can, and I will come around and see you about it real soon; good-by."

Then the monument man went to his office and told his grief to a three-legged lamb and a stone angel.

Some time after this the charming widow, with a male friend, whom she called "Charley," dropped in again.

"Do you know," she said, "I feel so ashamed to think that I never came around to look at your pretty designs. Charley and I have concluded that those great, costly ornaments are so foolish, after one's dead, you know. We think it's wicked, don't we, Charley?" Charley allowed that it was. "But," she continued, "those little white boards, such as they put at the soldiers' graves, Charley and I think they are very nice. So neat and pretentious. Couldn't you make out of them for me and put George's monogram on it? His initials make such a pretty monogram!"

Then the monument man's cup was full, and he spilled it over on them. He told her that Charley could get an old shag rug and take one of George's business cards on it.

Then she called him "a horrid beast," and Charley spoke of whipping him "for half a cent," and they sailed off.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Copy of a notice on the beach at Brighton: "It case of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the clothing and not by the hair, which generally comes off."

## FRENCH CONVICTS IN NEW CALEDONIA.

PAPER MAKING IN CHINA.

Paper is very extensively manufactured in the numerous little villages situated in the valleys among the hills, about eight miles to the southeast of the city of Kinglun, China. It is made from the bark called Tan-ah-pi, the paper-mulberry tree bark, and wheat straw, which, after having been well washed and boiled with a certain proportion of lime, is again washed, and then exposed to dry for a whole year on the sides of the hills, in spots where the grass and brushwood have been previously cleared away for this purpose. After the year's exposure, it is washed once more, and then pounded on a stone with a large wooden hammer; it is supposed to require 1,400 blows from this hammer to reduce it to the necessary consistency, after which it is removed to another building, and left to soak until it becomes quite a pulp, in a large earthen vessel, containing a liquid glue, made from boiling the branch of a tree called the Yangkowt'-eng, a species of hooked vine. This pulp is then put into a cistern of water, and will stand up with a stout stick; a finely-made bamboo frame, or sort of old-time sieve, is taken by two men, one at either end, and dipped twice into this liquid, which is made to run evenly over the whole surface, somewhat after the manner in which the photographer allows the developing solution to run over his plate. By this means a thin and tolerably even layer is left, which soon partially dries and forms the sheet of paper, and which is removed by simply reversing the frame. As soon as a sufficient number of sheets has been made, they are taken to the drying-room. This room contains a large brick oven, coated on the outside with lime, and built up within a few feet of the roof. Upon the top of this oven the paper is placed in parcels of about a foot in thickness, until perfectly dry, after which sheet by sheet is dumped once more, and while still moist, by means of a soft brush, made to adhere to the sides of the oven for a short time, to undergo its final process of drying. It is then taken away to the packing-room, and made up into bales weighing from eighty to 120 ells each, the ells being equivalent to one and a half pounds avoirdupois. The largest-sized paper is about one ellang (eleven and three-fourths feet) long, and is worth \$1 a sheet. This particular size of paper is made entirely from the Tan-ah-pi, but the smaller sizes are composed of a mixture of the above-mentioned bark, or the bark of the paper-mulberry tree and wheat straw. This paper is known by the name of Shanchih, and is considered a good quality of paper in Chinese markets.

## THE YORKTOWN MONUMENT.

The model accepted for the monument at Yorktown shows a square base (twenty-eight by twenty-eight by twenty-seven) broken first by three steps, then left free for inscriptions, then broken again by gables, as if each side were the front of a house. The roots of these gables lead by various inclined planes to a circular space on which stands a drum twenty-five feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. Around the drum are thirteen female figures standing close, shoulder to shoulder, and representing the thirteen States. The drum then narrows above, according to the usual rules, until its diameter is less than eight feet. On this rises a shaft sixty feet higher, having four bands of even distances and culminating in a small square pedestal, and on the pedestal a goddess of Liberty, with her right hand a little raised and her left on a shield. A round, raised spot on the shaft has the word Yorktown. Under the feet of the thirteen States run the words: "One Country, one Constitution, one Destiny." The four plain faces left on the pedestal proper are to have inscriptions. One gives the treaty with France, another the peace with England, a third an account of the siege, and a fourth a dedication of the monument.

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## STUPID TEACHING.

There is a vast amount of bungling in the system of common school education, and it is not strange that many parents are adopting the plan of having their children instructed at home, where they can carefully watch the child's training and see that what time is devoted to instruction is turned to good account. A disgruntled father wrote to a Philadelphia journal saying that the other day he heard his little girl sobbing over a rule which she was trying to commit to memory, in the following words, to wit:

## "Rule for short division, rule dash

one write the divisor at the left of the

dividend, semi-colon, begin at the left

hand, comma, and write the quotient

beneath, period. Paragraph 2. If

there is a remainder after any division,

commas, regard it as prefixed to the next

figure, comma, and divide as before,

period. If any partial dividend is less

than the divisor, prefix it to the next

figure, comma, and write a cipher in the

quotient, period. Paragraph 3. If the

partial dash multiply the quotient by

the divisor, comma, and add the remainder,

comma, if any, comma, to the product,

period."

After reading these painfully idiotic

paragraphs the amazed parent made in-

quiry and found that the pupils—chil-

dren under 10—were required to study

rules in this way in order that they

might be able to write them out and

"point" them, not correctly, but ac-

cording to the book.

"I also found," he adds, "that if a

commas was left out, though the sense

remained unchanged, the pupil suffered

as much in loss of marks as though she

had committed a vital blunder. Thanks

to home instruction, my little girl under-

stands the rules of arithmetic, but she cannot learn them by rote in this

parrot fashion, and suffers accordingly.

Can we have nothing done in this mat-

ter? The teacher told her she had to

memorize them by rote in this parrot

fashion, and suffers accordingly.

President Garfield's cousin, Mr. Harry

Boynton, related a pleasant little story

of the former's school life: There was a

spelling match in the little log school

house, in which James, who was 13

years old, took part. The teacher told

her scholars that if any whispered she

would send them home." The lad stand-

ing next to James became confused,

and to help him James told him how to

spell his word. The teacher saw him,

and said: "James, you know the rule;

You must go home." James picked up

his cap and left. In a very few seconds

he returned, and took his place in the

class. "Why, how is this, James? I told

you to go home," said his teacher.

"I know it, and I went home," said

James.

## AN OLD STORE.

Every story comes from another story. That of the ragged and thirsty "tramp," who went up to a bartender and said: "Say, Mister, give me a drink and have some fun with me." It is based on a speech of Oatillemas in Macmillan's "Atheneum Revels." He says to his son Spencypus, "What! I suppose you will wander from house to house, like that wretched buffoon, Phillipus, and beg everybody who has a supper party to be so kind as to feed you and bring you." Thus the story goes back to Plato's time, for Plato is the character mentioned in Xenophon's "Symposium."

## A TOMBSSTONE in the cemetery at Pittsburg, N. Y., over the grave of Catherine and Charles Straight, aged respectively 3 months and 8 days and 4 months and 4 days, has the following:

"They asked you like Europe?" "It's

"I'd for anything!" was the re-

"I'm where you sick?" "Yes,

"And was your husband

"You?" "Oh, he was too good

"I just as soon as he found

"He went and drank salt

"Or to be sea sick in union with

"And I'm not his second wife,

"I'm not his little girl."

Refused to drink the potion up.

They buried their little heads aside;

Diego on with the taste they died.

## PEASANTRIES.

CHAR-ITABLE people—Dealers in future.

The rifeman makes his mark by laying down to his work.

Is it a sign of a healthy state of affairs when drags are a drug in the market?

The porters who handle bags of silver in the Treasury Department are rolling in wealth.

What is the difference between the sun and a boathouse? The sun shines for nothing, but the boathouse shines for 5 cents.

You can't knit a man anyway. He will scold at the microscopic bonnet on the street and growl at the aspiring one in the theater.

It is said that an angle-worm cannot dig more than one inch per hour, but he is always an inch beyond the shovel when you want fish-bait.

"I thought I was going to become gray I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray she did die, sure enough.

MARRIAGE resembles a village fair, where every one endeavors to trade off his lame horse or his vicious cow for a handsome, sound and useful critter.

"Isn't that a beautiful color?" said the fish-dealer, as he lit up a large salmon. "Yes," said Flotson, "I suppose he is blushing at the extravagance."

NOR an egotist: "Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are your mother's own boy."

A STRONG superlative: "Yes, sir," said the Kentuckian; "I never was in a more tantalizing position to my life. There were three of us, with a pack of cards in the room, and not a decent cent in the crowd."

SIX medical New York experts examined a man as to his sanity, and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether.

SAIN Edith to her doll: "There, don't answer me back. You mustn't be saucy, no matter how hateful I am. You must remember I am your mother!" We know several homes where Edith might have imbibed that principle.

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